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J. G. CLINKSCALES, EDITOR.

THE RECENT MOVEMENT IN SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

The above is the title of the opening article in the May *Harper's*. The author is Charles W. Coleman, Jr. There are portraits of Cable, Miss Grace King, R. M. Johnston, J. C. Harris, T. N. Page, Oriskany, Miss McClelland, Miss Bayler, Miss Magruder, Miss Rives, Lafayette Hearn and Robert Burns Wilson. For the benefit of those who may not see the magazine, we extract the most important facts in the personal history of each of the more prominent authors mentioned.

It is not necessary to give these facts in Mr. Cable's case, since his personal history is already well known. Miss Grace King, of New Orleans, first came into notice little more than a year ago with a story, "Monsieur Motte," in the *New Princeton*. This story, written with no definite idea of publication, was seen by some literary friends, who, immediately realizing its merit, advised sending it to the *New Princeton Review*, then in quest of a tale for its first issue. It was then written an instant reputation, both in this country and in England. Miss King's two other stories are "Bonnie Manley" (*Harper's*) and "Madame Ravellere" (*New Princeton*). She is the daughter of a Georgia lawyer, long resident in New Orleans, a man of culture and literary ability, and to him she claims to owe much of her success. As might have been inferred from her stories, she was educated at Creole schools.

Richard Malcolm Johnston, author of "Dukeborough Tales" and of numerous stories of Georgia life, several of which appear every year in *Harper's* or the *Century*, was born in Middle Georgia, in 1822. His father's as well as his mother's family were from Virginia. "Dukeborough" is the village Powelson, where the family long resided. He was graduated from Mercer College, taught a year, then began the practice of law. In 1857 he declined the Judgeship of the Northern Circuit to accept the chair of Belles-Lettres in the University of Georgia. During the war he opened a school for boys at Sparta, whence he removed in 1867 to Baltimore County, Maryland, taking first of Georgia boys with him. The first issue of "Dukeborough Tales" was published in the old *Southern Magazine*.

His experience and observation as a school boy in the old field schools and as a lawyer on the circuit furnished him the material for his stories. He was 45 before he began to devote himself seriously to literature. He is the author also, in conjunction with Dr. W. H. Browne, of Johns Hopkins, of a "Biography of Alexander H. Stephens," and of a "History of English Literature."

Joel Chandler Harris was born of humble parents in the village of Eatonton, Putnam County, Georgia, December 9, 1848. The "Tiger of Wakefield," which his mother read aloud when he was a small boy, first kindled in him the desire to write, the result being a series of short stories, which he doubtless kept to himself, in which the conversational capacity of the characters was limited to the single exclamation "Fudge!" As is well known, he is on the staff of the *Atlanta Constitution*. He began his career as a journalist at the age of 14, when he became printer's apprentice in the office of the "Countryman," a little weekly paper published on a Georgia plantation ten miles from a postoffice. At this time he had, sometimes, to compose articles while standing at the case, which attracted the attention of the editor in such a way that he began to lend him books. His further career is familiar to all.

Thomas Nelson Page, who became famous three years ago by his story "Marse Chan," "the most exquisite story of the war that has yet appeared," and whose "Mah Lads," "Polly," etc., have sustained his reputation, is a young lawyer of Richmond and a son of one of the oldest, most aristocratic families in Virginia. He was born April 23, 1853, at Oaklands, an old family estate in Hanover County. His first instructors are said to have been his aunt, who taught him to read in the Prayer Book and the Waverley Novels, and the old carriage driver. He was educated at Washington and Lee University, paying more attention to the debating society and the college paper than to the curriculum. A volume of his collected stories will soon appear, and he is at present writing a novel of Virginia life, the completion of which has been delayed by ill health. He is doubtless our brightest rising star.

Omitting Bradstock for the same reason that Cable was passed over, we come to Miss M. G. McClelland, author of "Oblivion," "Princess," and "A Self Made Man." She lives in Buckingham County, Virginia. Her home is a rambling, old-fashioned farm structure, overshadowed by a magnificent elm tree, in a wild mountainous country, until quite recently untraversed by a railroad. Out of from intercourse with others of her age, she grew up an imaginative child, whose dolls were made to personate the characters in Scott's romances, from her love for which grew her early efforts in story writing. Her mother "served as school-mistress, playmate and companion" for her. "A day of systematic schooling has never had until now, when, with indomitable energy, she is pursuing a prescribed course of study." Her first experience with type was the appearance in 1879 of two bits of verse in the columns of a newspaper, one of these written while churning with the left hand, the other composed while pursuing a turkey hen to her hidden nest in the woods. "Princess," her second novel, was in reality written several years before "Oblivion" and could not find a purchaser at first, owing to the extreme stand taken against divorce. It was modified and rewritten and so found a publisher, but she has been fearfully criticised for making Pocahontas give up her scruples and marry a divorced man.

Miss Frances Courtenay Bayler was born in Arkansas; resided in San Antonio, Texas, before the war. Her family is from Virginia, where her home now is, near Winchester. Her two stories, "On both Sides" and "Juan Juanita," are well known.

Miss Julia Magruder, who also lives near Winchester, Va., is the author of "Across the Chasm," a study of social conditions since the war, contrasting certain types of the North and South. Miss Amelle Rives is the author of "A Brother to Dragons," which created a sensation in its anonymous appearance in the *Atlantic*. So far as we know, her reputation rests on that one piece, though this number of *Harper's* contains a poem of very considerable merit from her pen. She is said to come of distinguished lineage, and to possess rare personal attractions, and to have won already an extensive social reputation in the North as well as the South. Indifferent to social triumphs, she lives at her ancestral home, Castle Hill, Albemarle County, Va. She has never been in the school room, her governess having been instructed to let her study when and how she would. She is "just entered upon her twenties," being the only one of the ladies whose age Mr. Coleman gives.

We should like to have heard more than we find here about Mrs. Tiersan, author of "Suzette," about Mrs. Burton Harrison, and Samuel Mintum Peck, and we do not understand why James A. Harrison has not a place, and a prominent one, in such a sketch.

Robert Burns Wilson was born at the home of his grandfather, in Washington County, Pa., Oct. 30, 1850. He is descended on his mother's side from the Nelson family of Virginia. His father was an architect and a builder, and his mother had talent for drawing and painting. At 19 he began painting portraits for a livelihood. At 22 he went to Louisville and now lives at Frankfort. With his fame as a poet we are all familiar.

Lafadio Hearn, of Louisiana, was born in Santa Maure of the Ionian Islands, his mother a native Greek, his father a surgeon in the British army. "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature," a volume of poetical prose, is his chief claim to a place here. He is a journalist, and has lived in the South for some years.

In conclusion, we may say it is striking how many of these writers are Virginians—of course we have not mentioned all—and how many of them came of old families.—C. F. S., in *Southern Christian Advocate*.

Concerning Morals and Crime.

The remarkable increase of crime in France during the last half century has drawn attention to a similar state of affairs in this country. It must be admitted, as the Boston *Herald* puts it, that there is a noticeable weakening in the controlling force of those moral sentiments which in the past restrained men who were tempted to do wrong.

In France the explanation given is that since the revolution the moral education of the people has been neglected. If this is true of the French, it is in a very large measure true of the Americans.

Certain superficialists will be ready to deny this. They will point to the progress of our religious denominations, and the increase in the number of our churches. Unfortunately this does not meet the case. Perhaps the number of religious is increasing because creeds are becoming discipline, growing lax, and the requirements of religion are growing easier. Numerous churches may be added to a good or a bad sign. The First Napoleon said that a great number of churches in proportion to the population indicated a low state of morals.

The trouble is that too many of our people grow up without any moral teaching. In a fit of enthusiasm or emotional excitement they join a church, but it is too late to cure the evils resulting from their defective moral education. They profess a kind of theoretical Christianity, and continue devoted to the world, the flesh and the devil.

This defective contingent may be found in every church, and it is sometimes large enough to be a serious drawback. If the lack of moral training weakens those who are in the church it must necessarily work a still greater injury to those who are out of it.

In our old-fashioned state of society there was something like family government. Children were taught to shun temptation, to love the right and abhor the wrong. But times have changed. Parents hesitate to give moral lectures to the precociously sharp boys and girls of the present day. The young people go off and flock together, instituting something like a boycott against their elders. If they fancy bad books, bad pictures and ways that are dark, they will follow their bent, and their fathers and mothers will know nothing about it until it is too late. Out of the ranks of these unrestrained youngsters come in each generation the men and women who are to lead society and control business. Bright, worldly, impatient of restraint, what can be expected of them?

Until we pay more attention to early moral training, our per centage of crime will continue to increase. Here is the weak spot in our civilization. We must repress the evil at its starting point. The religion of this age will not keep men straight when they have never been taught the value of morality. There is no use in glossing over these things. Our civilization is rotten, and the sooner we realize it and begin the work of genuine reform, the better it will be for all concerned.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A South Carolina Soldier's Grave.

Sheriff Rowan has received a postal from Mr. Robert Parsons, of Fall Creek, Tenn., to the effect that he has found a soldier's grave there marked J. H. Todd Co. G., 10th S. C. V., and thinking some of the relatives of the dead soldier might desire some information as to his last resting place, he writes to say that he will be glad to furnish such with all in relation to it that he can.—*Columbia Register*.

—So live that death may never surprise thee unprepared. Happy the man who constantly keeps the hour of his death in view, and every day prepares himself for it.

THE ELECTION.

Which Ballot Should We Cast, Anti-Prohibition or Prohibition?

The following is an Essay which was read before Barker's Creek Division, Sons of Temperance, by Mr. J. D. Duncan, and is published by request of the Division:

We are on the eve of an election in Anderson County. In this election all legal voters will be allowed to cast their ballot, but on which side should the majority of these votes be cast, for prohibition or against it?

The anti-prohibitionist urges as his plea for his position that prohibition won't prohibit; that if you would give them free whiskey and fewer drunkards; that prohibition is a Murray faction; that it is essentially necessary to have whiskey in the community, because we are liable to be snubbed by any time; that if drinking whiskey is such a great moral evil, and so demoralizing, a drunkard and so obnoxious to our views, why do we find so many church members strong anti-prohibitionists; that prohibition, if it is enforced, would curtail the rights of our citizens.

This is the ground on which the anti-prohibitionists stand, and if "it is merit and not a title which gives importance, usefulness and not grandeur which makes the world happy," it is very plain that the foundation of their theory is thin, exceedingly thin.

We should vote the prohibition ticket. Why? If prohibition won't prohibit, what do the anti-prohibitionists expect to win? If it is going to be the same thing any way, why not vote for prohibition and then openly defy the law? If there is going to be less whiskey drunk and fewer drunkards, we should by all means vote for prohibition. It would be much more plausible to urge a farmer to turn his hogs into his corn field—that he would make better corn and more of it.

The idea of "free whiskey" producing "less whiskey drunk and fewer drunkards" is sophistry in the extreme. Prohibition is one of Murray's bills. The prohibition bill was originated, introduced and engineered through the Legislature by Maj. E. B. Murray, and it affords me great pleasure to know that we have one legislator in South Carolina whose ambition and philanthropy extends farther from his noggins than his nose. Mr. Murray is not only a prohibitionist, but a philanthropist. Philanthropy defined is "the love of mankind; benevolence toward the whole human family; universal good will; readiness to do good to all men." Philanthropy is the enlarged benevolence that takes in the whole family of man. It ignores and rises above all kindredship of blood, of country, or of faith, and embraces man because he is man. While it would first embrace its own, which is both natural and proper, it does not stop there, but steps out beyond, with good feeling and kind words for all. It is the outgrowth of enlarged mental grasp and outflowing sympathy of heart. Maj. Murray has exhibited these qualities by placing prohibition within our reach. He has shown by his actions that he has good feelings and kind words for all; that he is ever ready and willing to do good to all men; that, while it is not within his power, nor within the power of any other man, to force the inebriate to stop drinking, yet, he is willing to exert his influence, his talents and his time in placing the temptation as far beyond the drunkard's reach as possible. But prohibition is not supported by a so called "Murray faction," only by the moral sentiment of Anderson County.

But the snakes, ah! the snakes! They are dreamed about often than seen. Vote the prohibition ticket and you will get rid of them. I hear the anti-prohibitionist Church member talk so much about the snakes, that I have become somewhat suspicious. I am almost tempted to charge him with keeping a pet snake in the back yard to bite him every time he wants a drink. Some of them keep quite a number, but they are all named. One he calls "the Gout," another "the Colic," another "the Headache," another "the Backache," another "the Rheumatism," and when he wants an extra large drink, he gives it a double name and calls it "the Billions Colic."

But the anti-prohibition Church member! How are we going to dispose of his influence? Alas! the poor Church member. His conduct is too often the target for the devil's snarls. He often reminds me of an old goose in a shower of rain. He joins the Church because it is the popular thing to do; makes a profession of religion because it is required of him before he can be admitted into full membership, and after the baptizing comes in the simile of the old goose; he gives themselves a good all round shake, and as far as the appearance of goose, or the conduct of the Church member, would indicate, you could not positively assert that there ever had been a shower of rain or a shower of grace. But there is one thing that will be very plain: if prohibition fails to carry the election next August, Anderson County will be considered by the whole civilized world as a very good field for missionary work.

But would prohibition curtail the rights of our citizens? No. Men have no rights to anything, only those which God gives them. Their rights are derived from the Author of our existence, and dependant or extend only so far as they will not infringe upon the rights of others. Although government is an ordinance of God, it was not instituted to give rights, but to guard them; to protect us in the enjoyment and proper application of such rights. There is a sense in which, under God, a man owns himself. But he has no such title, even to himself, that would give him the right to engage in a business that would deprive and drag down the morals of the citizens in the community in which he lives merely for his own worldly gain. That right was not given, morally speaking, when his soul and body was given. When a man buys a horse he owns him, but he has no such title as gives him the right to use the horse in a business that would injure his fellow-citizens, and men

have no right to traffic in a drug that will weaken a man's mental faculties, lower his morals, unfit him for society, and ruin him financially. Men have a right to fire and water, but it is only for the purposes for which those elements were made. A man has no right to fire his neighbor's building or drown his fellow-citizen. No such right was given when the fire and the water were given, and it is not in the proper use, but in the misuse, of whiskey which lies the great moral evil. But up jumps the anti-prohibition church member and says he doesn't believe that one hundred men have the right to say what ninety-nine men shall eat. That is not the prohibition theory. Four hundred Democrats have no right to say to three hundred and ninety-five Republicans, "you shall vote the Democrat ticket," or, when the election is over, the officers are held by Democrats. But the one hundred men have not only the right, but it is their duty, to prevent ninety-nine men from becoming a debauch, a lunatic, an assassin, a murderer, or a suicide, by placing the cause, of 50 per cent, at least, of such crimes and misdeeds out of reach.

A few words to the ladies of our County, in conclusion: By the laws of our country you can not vote, but you can write the ticket. Your influence is great, for "the hands that rock the cradle, rule the destiny of the nation." Exert your influence in behalf of prohibition, or the snakes will become quite tame, and you will be more beguiled than old mother Eve. They will assume the form of a snake, and with the subtlety of the adder, help us to put this thing, called whiskey, out of the reach of your father, your brother, your cousin, your uncle, your husband and your lover. It is said that the whiskey barrel invariably leaks at the bung. Aid us, by your influence, to bury this whiskey keg next August; and let us bury it with the bung downwards, and that, if it does leak out, it will seep through to the other side of the globe.

Pure and Manly.

Gen. Robert E. Lee was a thoughtful boy, for his mother had taught him to practice self-denial and self-control, and to be economical in expending money. His father's death, when the boy was but eleven years of age, made him a "little man." He did the marketing, managed the out-door affairs, and looked after the comfort of his invalid mother. As soon as school had closed for the noon recess, he rushed away from the frolicsome boys, and hurried home to arrange for his mother's daily ride. Young as he was, he carried her to the carriage, arranged the cushions, and seating himself by her side, tried to entertain her, gravely reminding her that the ride would lead to benefit her unless she was cheerful.

"Robert is both a son and a daughter to me," the mother used to say.

He was the most methodical of managers, and the nearest of housekeepers. Unlike many boys, he did not think it beneath him to attend to details, or to do little things with as much carelessness as if they were large. While studying conic sections, he drew the diagrams on a slate. Though he knew the one he was drawing would be rubbed out to make room for another, he drew it with as much accuracy and neatness as if it were to be engraven.

After his return from the Mexican war his wife on opening his trunk found in it every article of clothing he had taken with him, and a bottle of brandy, which had been put in for medicinal use, unopened.

He never drank brandy or whiskey, and rarely a glass of wine, and he never used tobacco. To apprehend the meaning of this fact, and its powerful illustration of the lad's self-control, one must recall the rollicking life and drinking customs of Virginia during Gen. Lee's boyhood and youth.

During a school vacation, he was a guest in a country house, where the host, a fascinating gentleman of culture, lived a gay, wild life. Young Robert, who had been trained to self-control and self-denial, was shocked. He made no comment on what he saw, but he refused to join in the revels.

The unspoken rebuke brought to his bedside, the night before his departure, the penitent host. The youth's abstinence had shamed him, and he, a man of the world, came to confess to his youthful guest sorrow for the wild life he was leading.

Earnestly he warned him to beware of acquiring drinking habits, and urged him to persist in his temperate course of life. On leaving him, the host promised he would try to reform.

Yet this methodical, self-controlled, affectionate, servicable boy was no "goody." He was the son of "Light-Horse Harry" of the Revolution, and inherited his father's martial spirit. He chose the army for his profession, and friends and relatives approved the choice.

He entered West Point at the age of eighteen, graduated second in his class, and, during the four years of cadet life, did not receive a demerit mark for any breach of rules or neglect of duty. He avoided tobacco and intoxicating liquors, never uttered a word to which a woman might not have listened, and never did a deed which his mother could not have approved.

Lads who think it effeminate to be good, and manly to be bad, are asked to harmonize their notions with the pure, noble boyhood of Gen. Robert E. Lee.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Strange Case of Suicide.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., May 14.—The coroner was summoned to try a most singular case of accidental suicide to-day. Isaac Tulley, a mechanic, while suffering intense pain from an attack of cholera morbus, rushed from his home to go to a doctor's office. He had not proceeded far from the house, however, before he discovered a phial of medicine lying on the ground. In a frenzy of pain he seized it and drank the contents, not even looking to see what it contained. In a very short while he died in great agony, the bottle having contained what was found to be a strong solution of croton oil, the unfortunate man having taken nearly an ounce of the poison. The bottle had been accidentally dropped by a passing physician.

BILL ARP.

The Georgia Philosopher in New York.

Nearly forty years ago I stopped at the Astor House in this great city. It was considered fine then—yes, superfine—the *come, the ne plus ultra* of hotels. The aristocracy of the land stopped there and the youthful swell who could not afford to stop there picked their teeth on the steps. It is considered a very comfortable old stone barn now and so for auld lang syne I halted there and took a room at one dollar and a half a day and had the privilege of eating where I pleased. I liked this very well. My room was on the second floor and was just high enough for me to stand up and write my name on the ceiling over my head. I measured it and found it only six and a half feet. There was one little window eighteen inches high and the sash opened on a pair of hinges and the window on the grave yard of St. Paul's Church. How immensely grand that Astor House humble it looks now. It certainly has shrunk down and drawn up, but it is a good house still.

But as I had no business on Wall Street I departed those coasts and took up my abode at the Fifth Avenue, where everything is grand even to the charges per day, but I thought I would play the consequential a little while, and strut around with the magnates. Senators and governors and counts and generals are common here. General Sherman lives here and he and I pass and repass and take our meals near together and I expect get a slice from the same turkey. He is a very peaceable man. There was a time when he didn't divide turkeys with us nor chickens nor hogs nor sheep, but took them all and kindly threw us the bones, but that was war and now it is peace, blessed peace and tranquility. He looks quite old and harmless now and moves about without exciting more than ordinary attention. The fact is New York has not got time to waste on anybody. It is in a feverish tumultuous rush. But everybody seems about as happy here as they do elsewhere.

I have seen no beggars nor misery. Years ago the ragged children and miserable old women used to be at every crossing pleading for charity, but they are not here now. I have inquired about them and am pleased to learn that the charitable institutions here provided liberally for all the destitute. There are no wretched dens where the starving poor live and die unnoticed and unknown.

It does not take a countryman so very long to get used to city ways and fall into line. The second day I learned the ropes of the elevators and could bob up serenely to the fourth floor without attracting attention. The provincials make a great mistake in imagining that anybody here cares one copper about who they are or where they came from or how they are dressed. I like that. A friend of mine who broke down in Georgia and lost his patrimony, said he had several reasons for coming to New York to live and one was that New York didn't care whether he had ever been rich and proud or not. There was money here and a fair reward for labor and for brains. But down in his old home some were glad that he failed and others pined for him and he didn't want either. Town gossip feasted on the fall and retailed it until the story was threadbare. They even wondered what his wife would do with her elegant toilet and how long she could keep her diamond brooch. "Now," said he, "we are out of it all and my wife and myself and our two children are all bread winners and make a comfortable support. I left no debts behind but on 'Orphan Boy' just out of sympathy, and the Orphan got left. I was much amused at an old gentleman with gray side whiskers. He bet every time \$20 every time and lost. At the last race he said, 'Well, I'll try it once more. My wife picks out the hind leg every time and I ought to bet on him to please her. I've lost eighty dollars already and here goes another twenty.' He lost that too, and he paid over the money he bet to say, 'Well, my old woman will have to stay at home this summer. I do reckon for all her spending money I am gone.' But the old woman looked at him with a tone of voice that meant, 'I reckon I know of what I'm about, and there is plenty more money left in the till for me. Cedarhurst is a lovely place—just as pretty as a painting. The deep blue ocean was just before us and the magnificent Ocean hotel near by facing the beach. All about the 25 miles that we rode by rail the earth was carpeted with green and the fruit trees adorned with blooms. There were signs everywhere of industry and thrift, but none of poverty and decay. There were millions of people near by to feed, and these working farmers can sell anything and everything they raise. I heard a little girl boasting that she had already sold twelve dollars' worth of roses and six dollars of tulips that she grew herself.'

Well, I rode across the Brooklyn bridge, one of the grandest triumphs of the human mind that is in the world or ever has been. I saw Miss Liberty, with her torch in hand, and I rode for miles and miles on the elevated railways that now carry half a million passengers every day. I went to the Eden Musee, where there are hundreds of wax figures, likenesses to the life of notable men and women, past and present. Mr. Beecher is the last, and he stands before you so perfectly natural you wait a moment for him to say something. A wagfish friend said, "Well, now, suppose we had let policeman a dime and go. He expects something." I got my dime ready and extended my hand, but a laugh from the boys told me that the policeman was wax. The truth is, I was too wrought up to distinguish the living from the dead all about the halls.

New York is a wonderful show and I wish all the children of the land could go there, and had money enough to stay a week and see the sights. But home beats New York, and right now while I write I am humming one of Sam Jones's songs, which says "I'm happy on my way," and sure enough I am, for I am aboard a south bound train and every mile brings me nearer home.

BILL ARP.

Well, our newspaper friend secured passports and badges for our party, and we had choice seats on the club house veranda, where nobody is allowed but folks of consequence—like Prince Leopold and three or four counts and Jim Keene and the representatives of the great New York dailies. Jim Keene's son, Foxhall, was one of the riders—that is he rode his own horse—only one at a time and he won two races. It actually made me have kinder feelings toward Jim Keene because his son did ride and rode well, and took the perit of it, and because Jim Keene looked on with anxious paternal pride. Langtry was not there but Freddy, her Freddy Gebhard was, and he had two horses in the ring but Freddy didn't ride. He is saving himself very carefully, they say, for Langtry, and they are to be married soon.

These steple races are more intensely exciting than the "flat" races, as those without hurdles are called. Some of the hurdles are card tops, some are stone walls with turf on top of them, some are plank fences, some are corstanks, a kind of grasshopper fence. Then there are "doubles," where two fences are so close together as to require two leaps in quick succession and last and most perilous of all is a stone wall with a ten-foot ditch on the farther side, and that ditch full of water. None but the best trained horse can clear that, and none but the best trained rider can stick to his steed. Now, all of our country boys know that it is not an easy thing to stick to a horse as he jumps a ditch or a five rail fence. Sometimes the horse goes on and the boy stops, or the horse stops and the boy goes on. But these hedges and walls are from five to seven feet high, and these splendid riders did not show any daylight in the saddle, but seemed glued to it; in fact, they seemed to be part of the horse, and moved with him in perfect grace. The track was just a mile round; a mile on grassy, close shaven turf green, and smooth, and the hurdles were here and there on the course, and inside of it at irregular intervals, and the horses had to leave the "flat," as the running course is called, and take the hedge or wall or ditch wherever it was placed. When the race was closely contested, you could see four or five horses on the wild leap at once, with barely a neck between. We witnessed five races, and in one of three miles there were thirteen splendid horses engaged. The riders were all men, not boys, and averaged from 135 to 170 pounds, and they were clad in shiny garments of green and blue, and canary and gold, and silver and velvet, and satin and stripes, and spots and dashes of all colors, so that the eye could follow them around the track and not be deceived as to which horse was ahead.

Well, of course, there was betting, but there was no trickery. The owners of the horses were supposed to be above tricks and stratagems. They already had as much money as any reasonable man could desire. Money had failed to satisfy, and now they were trying sport. No ordinary man could come into this ring. To get in, a man had to be above the necessity of plotting and scheming to make money. The prize of \$2,000 to the best horse was nothing but a little bet among these men. There was little betting outside, lots of it, but not on a large scale. Old men, old women, young men and young women, all bet, say from five to twenty dollars, on every race. Some bet on their judgment, their knowledge of the horses or on horse flesh in general. But most of the five thousand people bet at random, just for the excitement. They would pick out a name they liked and bet on it. Lots of men and ladies bet on "Orphan Boy" just out of sympathy, and the Orphan got left. I was much amused at an old gentleman with gray side whiskers. He bet every time \$20 every time and lost. At the last race he said, 'Well, I'll try it once more. My wife picks out the hind leg every time and I ought to bet on him to please her. I've lost eighty dollars already and here goes another twenty.' He lost that too, and he paid over the money he bet to say, 'Well, my old woman will have to stay at home this summer. I do reckon for all her spending money I am gone.' But the old woman looked at him with a tone of voice that meant, 'I reckon I know of what I'm about, and there is plenty more money left in the till for me. Cedarhurst is a lovely place—just as pretty as a painting. The deep blue ocean was just before us and the magnificent Ocean hotel near by facing the beach. All about the 25 miles that we rode by rail the earth was carpeted with green and the fruit trees adorned with blooms. There were signs everywhere of industry and thrift, but none of poverty and decay. There were millions of people near by to feed, and these working farmers can sell anything and everything they raise. I heard a little girl boasting that she had already sold twelve dollars' worth of roses and six dollars of tulips that she grew herself.'

Well, I rode across the Brooklyn bridge, one of the grandest triumphs of the human mind that is in the world or ever has been. I saw Miss Liberty, with her torch in hand, and I rode for miles and miles on the elevated railways that now carry half a million passengers every day. I went to the Eden Musee, where there are hundreds of wax figures, likenesses to the life of notable men and women, past and present. Mr. Beecher is the last, and he stands before you so perfectly natural you wait a moment for him to say something. A wagfish friend said, "Well, now, suppose we had let policeman a dime and go. He expects something." I got my dime ready and extended my hand, but a laugh from the boys told me that the policeman was wax. The truth is, I was too wrought up to distinguish the living from the dead all about the halls.

New York is a wonderful show and I wish all the children of the land could go there, and had money enough to stay a week and see the sights. But home beats New York, and right now while I write I am humming one of Sam Jones's songs, which says "I'm happy on my way," and sure enough I am, for I am aboard a south bound train and every mile brings me nearer home.

BILL ARP.

THE LARGEST SUNDAY SCHOOL IN THE WORLD.

From Harper's Young People.

In the northern part of the city of Chicago, where churches are few and saloons plenty, stands a large three story brick building, the home of the Central Church North Side Sunday-school, the largest in the world. It is under the auspices of Professor Swings's church, and it stands in the centre of a district densely populated with foreigners of nearly every nationality.

The streets fairly swarm with thousands of children, and the wonder is as much where as how they all live. Every building from attic to basement is crowded, a whole family making their home in a single cheerless room, and out of such places, and surrounded by every influence that tends to evil, and few that encourage a noble life, come the great army of little ones that compose the school. All the week long they play upon the streets and alleys; many, who are old enough, work, some supporting their wretched parents in idleness; but to a great number of them Sunday and Sunday-school is the one bright spot in all their lives.

How and when was the school started? Nine years ago Mr. Charles B. Holmes, of Chicago, with a heart full of pity for these worse than homeless little waifs, rented a small hall in a third story, and announced that he had started a Sunday-school. About four hundred, noisy, boisterous boys and girls responded to the invitation, for the most part bent on "having a good time," and determined to give the school as hard a struggle as possible for existence.

That first Sunday will ever be a memorable one, as much for the difficulties it offered as because it was the birthday of the school. The following Sunday the attendance increased, and so did the disposition on the part of the big boys to run the school on a plan of their own. When Mr. Holmes wanted to speak, they would be seized with a sudden inspiration to sing, and the selections were not always those to be found in hymn-books. But notwithstanding such obstacles, the work was pushed on, and the attendance steadily increased, so that at the end of the third year it had reached twelve hundred. During these first few years three big policemen were kept busy maintaining order and looking after the bad boys, who devised all manner of schemes to break up the school. But with added years has come a radical change. Those same bad boys who made the most trouble are now among the most regular attendants, and nowhere in the country can be found a more orderly, well-behaved assemblage than gathers here every Sunday. The policemen at the door are still retained, but only as a wise precaution in case of fire or some other emergency.

When the fifth anniversary came round, the old quarters, which had long been inadequate, were exchanged for the present home—a fine building 99 by 140 feet, built expressly for the school, containing stores below, and the second and third stories being devoted to the mission work. With these greatly improved facilities the attendance rapidly increased, until at the present time there are more than five thousand names upon the rolls, and an average attendance of more than half that number.

Now let us take a peep at the school as it looks on a Sunday afternoon. Long before the appointed hour children come pouring in by the hundreds from every direction, completely filling the street. They form in long lines, and all eyes are anxiously directed down the street. When, some blocks away, a carriage is seen dashing around the corner, a great shout goes up, which only ceases after the occupant has smiled and nodded and disappeared through the big door. It is their way—and no mistakeable one—of welcoming the Superintendent. A moment later and the gong strikes, the doors fly open, and the boys file in one side, the girls upon the other. Entering, we find a large light hall, with three thousand chairs, which are quickly filled. The Superintendent and musicians occupy a high platform at the farther corner of the room, which is triangular in shape.

The school is conducted on a plan original with Mr. Holmes, and one which for economy and grand results cannot be equalled. For convenience, the school is divided into sections of one hundred scholars, each of which is presided over by a teacher, or rather "helper," who, with a word here and a nod there, restrains the overflowing tendencies of youth. With the exception of the infant class of three hundred, which occupy a side room, all the children form one grand class of nearly three thousand scholars ranging from sixteen years of age down to wee babies in the arms of brothers and sisters sometimes not much older than themselves. This great multitude read, sing, and are taught in perfect concert as one child.

The exercises move along like a well-regulated express train, and the reading and singing alternate without the loss of a moment's time. No books are used in this Sunday-school, for the songs are painted in big letters, that may be read a block distant, on great sheets of heavy paper as large as a door—only a verse to a page—and hung on a big easel. As fast as a verse is sung the sheet is turned over. And such singing! It is an inspiration in itself. The leader is assisted by a fine cornet-player and pianist. After several songs, one short prayer is offered, followed by the Lord's Prayer, in which all join, and the solemn hush of the vast audience of children, who with bowed heads pay reverent respect, strangely contrasted with the great volume of song that a moment before filled the hall.

After several songs have been sung, the whole school reads in concert appropriate verses of Scripture painted on paper similar to the hymns, the last verse being the subject of the lesson for the day. Then the Superintendent addresses the school for thirty minutes. It is not an off hand, indifferent talk about morals in general—for this is a most critical and exacting audience—but a carefully prepared address sparkling with an abundance of fresh, bright anecdotes that carry their own lesson, enforcing the

subject of the day, and conveying a pointed and earnest appeal for all those qualities that go to make a noble and better life. The children listen as hard as they sing. The enthusiasm of numbers is felt by every one present, and with wonderful effect.

School lasts exactly one hour, and the dismissal is as interesting a sight as was the entrance. A bell sounds, a stirring drum march rolls through the hall, and Sections I. of boys and girls rise and march out, following their respective leaders, who carry banners with the numbers of their sections. The other sections remain seated until their signal is given, when they follow with military precision. At the door each scholar calls his number, which corresponds to his or her name upon the roll. These numbers are taken down, and in this way the attendance is checked, and absentees and sick ones looked after by the mission pastor during the week.

The four great events of the year are the Christmas Festival, Easter Sunday, the July Picnic, and the Harvest-Home. The Christmas exercises are held on a week day night, and consist of some nice entertainment, a short address by the Superintendent, singing by the school, and at the close the distribution of a big mountain of paper bags, each containing an orange, candy, nuts